

# Washington College *Review*

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A LIBERAL ARTS JOURNAL

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# WASHINGTON COLLEGE REVIEW



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## FOREWORD

WITH THIS SECOND EDITION of the *Washington College Review*, we continue our presentation of a spectrum of writing by Washington College Students: essays, fiction, and poetry. Washington College has long placed a strong emphasis on student writing, at one extreme fostered by the magnificent Sophie Kerr Prize for the best piece of writing by a graduating senior and, at the opposite extreme bolstered by writing course requirements and individualized assistance from the writing program. For students with a literary bent, the O'Neill Literary House offers what amounts to a writing life-style.

From this wealth of student literary activity some truly outstanding work is produced. The *Washington College Review* seeks to recognize the best of student writing, and to publish work deserving of wider availability to readers in the college community and beyond. I would like to emphasize that the *Review's* purview includes but is beyond simply "creative" writing and includes non-fiction essays as well. A glance at the table of contents in this issue indicates essays on biological research, a field investigation in anthropology, literary criticism, a one act play on a philosophical theme, an article on political history, as well as a short story and poetry. The Board believes that these varied works truly represent the literary capability and achievement of Washington College students.

Speaking for myself and the fellow members of the *Review's* Board, our thanks to our authors and the Washington College

faculty advisors that have assisted in the production of the work herein.

Davy H. McCall  
Chair, Editorial Board  
*Washington College Review*

I  
ESSAYS



THE INNOCENCE THAT WASN'T INNOCENCE:  
Culture, Fatalism and Identity as  
Seen in *A Bend in the River*

BY JOEL BROWN

WHATEVER people do not define for themselves society does. Society sets up paradigms and attaches labels. But when civilization fragments or even disintegrates, cultural definition becomes obsolete, and people are forced to seek more quintessential definitions. In V. S. Naipaul's novel, *A Bend in the River*, the narrator Salim lacks a definitive identity. Born into the anarchy of Africa, Salim witnesses the deterioration of his culture; he flees not only physical violence, but also civil chaos, an environment that would force him to determine his real identity. Salim is always moving away from fears, but never toward anything. He is a character full of consciousness and devoid of courage.

Born into the heterogeneous ethnicity of Africa's east coast, Salim is not part of a well-defined culture. His family is Muslim but the religion has now become more custom than passion. Salim explicates:

They only knew that they were Muslim; and in their Muslim way they needed wives and more wives. But they were cut off from their roots in Arabia and could only find their wives among the African women . . . (Naipaul 14).

Through inter-marriage the Muslim family lost its distinct character, and since the family is the fundamental unit of society, this process of acculturation fragmented the foundation of the Muslim way of life.

The purity of Muslim society corroded with the influx of African women. This process is not necessarily detrimental. Change is inevitable; even the most distinct society must interact and evolve. At one time in Africa, as elsewhere, a society and therefore its culture could be isolationist, but the stamp of the modern world with its telecommunications, transportation systems and interlocked economies no longer makes this possible. These mechanisms allow for the diffusion of not only physical material and commodities, but also ideas, and ultimately, ideas form society.

The importance of culture is that culture grants the simplest definition of self. Culture is the map upon which a person can fix his or her coordinates. Often society exceeds this function by even affixing the coordinates. Salim recognizes this but does not validate the stamp society imprints. To him there is a sense of objectivity, but the objective is objective only in the fatalistic sense. What he is sure of is the apathy of the world. As he says in the opening sentence of the novel:

The world is what it is . . .

He continues to explain man's relation to it:

. . . men who are nothing, who allow themselves to become nothing, have no place in it (Naipaul 3).

The world simply is, and man must define himself because the world is indifferent to his plight. This fatalistic philosophy is not Naipaul's creation; he is but the latest devotee in a long line of literary pessimists. Stephen Crane espouses this in his poem "96:"

A man said to the universe:  
 "Sir, I exist!"  
 "However," replied the universe,  
 "The fact has not created in me  
 A sense of obligation (Crane 831)."

Thomas Wolfe, in the epigraph to *You Can't Go Home Again*, states:

There came to him an image of man's whole life upon the earth.  
It seemed to him that man's life was like a tiny spurt of flame  
that blazed out briefly in an illimitable and terrifying darkness  
. . . and was gone (Wolfe v).

Joseph Conrad, a writer who influenced Naipaul, says of civilization in *Heart of Darkness*:

. . . it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightening  
in the clouds (Conrad 1817).

What Naipaul espouses through Salim is a world where man must define himself or be destroyed. The traditional Muslim culture, separated from its roots, becomes eliminated by the local African culture. While the Muslims incorporated the Africans, the Africans do not know how to synthesize — so they destroy. Salim sees that this destruction is imminent, but rather than facing it, and being forced to face who he is apart from his culture, he purchases a store in central Africa from his friend Nazruddin and flees.

Salim is an escapist. His own culture has so disintegrated that it can no longer protect him and he is too weak to protect himself. He wishes to live protected by illusions because he does not wish to face the harsh realities of the world. But his friend Indar forces him to:

We're all washed up here, you know. To be African you have to be strong. We're not strong. We don't even have a flag (Naipaul 18).

Without society's protections, government and the law, man must face the world alone. Salim sees the illusion shattered:

He had mentioned the unmentionable. And as soon as he spoke  
I saw the wall of his compound as useless (Naipaul 18).

To Salim man needs not only the protection of physical walls but also cultural barriers.

What makes him an interesting character and an effective narrator for this novel, written from the first person point of view, is his awareness. It is not simply the knowledge of retrospection — the wisdom of hindsight — for Salim relates that from a very early age he became aware of how the world was when he saw that the Europeans had a self awareness that allowed them to evaluate their own culture. "It was their great advantage over us (Naipaul 14)," Salim reports. To Salim the world is hostile and indifferent. Humanity has the responsibility to manufacture a protective society. Ignorance affords no protection leaving society vulnerable to every social turmoil and political machination. Africans and Muslims lacked the ability to adapt because they did not understand. Salim's personal understanding is created by European knowledge, but he is not a European. He has no identity — no place in the world.

Against the back drop of some of the other characters Salim appears more clearly. Nazruddin's identity is that of a survivor. He is defined by his business attitude: know when to sell. He keeps moving and adapting, like a chameleon. When the situation becomes grave he leaves. Nazruddin is Salim's model; but Nazrudin is a pessimistic survivor who knows that one day his luck will run out.

The town at the bend in the river was formed when the Arab culture moving west met the European culture moving east. The more technologically advanced and politically sophisticated European culture controlled the region as the rootless Arab culture dissipated itself, leaving only a few ragged remnants. But the European culture later demises when the Africans grow tired of oppression and violently extirpate the developed region of the town. The Africans don't know how to build a culture, only how to destroy one, and so they end up hurting themselves by destroying their own establishments.



Nazruddin's epiphany, when staring at the settlement, is the fundamental law of the world: "This is just bush." Bush — the power of the natural world — which will envelop all of man's efforts at civilization. The refrain of "the world is what it is" is repeated throughout the novel. Salim knows this too acutely. The Muslim illusion is dead; the African illusion is dying; even the modern European illusion will someday pass away.

An antithetical character to Salim is Father Huismans. Father Huismans is aware of Africa's death thralls, but he still finds definition, meaning, through his European culture's protection. The tribal masks he collects were once part of living ceremonies, but now they are empty icons — symbols of a civilization that no longer exists.

A character who embodies what Salim might have been if he created a paradigm for himself is Mahesh. Mahesh is defined by his wife, Shoba, who in turn is defined by her beauty. Their relationship is founded upon veneer, but when the natural beauty tarnishes, the facade fades leaving them to do the only thing they can do — endure. This is what Mahesh tells Salim:

What do you do? You live here and you ask that? You do what we all do. You carry on (Naipaul 68).

Salim carries on, but he doesn't find happiness. He is a man without definition and therefore without protection.

At one time Salim thought that Europe might hold the answers. The affair he engages in is an attempt to find a European culture — European identity. To him it epitomizes everything that he thought he wanted from Europe: power, importance, refinement. The body beneath the silk blouse appears to be revelation but quickly becomes obsession. While he seeks Europe through Yvette, she in turn searches for Africa in him (the Africa she left Europe for and never found). Their perverse relationship quickly becomes a power struggle; Salim never finds salvation in Yvette, only destitution that finally ends in degradation. This liaison is more satisfying than his brothel encounters, but it never truly vitiates him. It only grants him a

temporary illusion that he is part of the political elite of the country; it fabricates the illusion that he matters.

What Salim's inquisitive consciousness comes to question is the essence of truth:

Was there a truth outside of men? Didn't men make the truth for themselves? Everything men did or made became real (Naipaul 124).

The fatalistic philosophy means that ultimately everything is meaningless so all meaning must be found in the temporary creations that man conceives. All of the characters in this novel survive in a fantasy; some in society's fantasy, others in the fantasies they create. Salim sees too much and does too little. He has consciousness and no courage.

The "pessimism that can drive men to do wonders" is the knowledge that all is done in vain. It removes the pressure that man affects eternity, leaving him with no alternative except to create the truth of his existence. In the end Salim flees what will destroy him. He is very much like the recurrent symbol of the water hyacinths: an entity ever drifting; ideas that have no foundation; civilizations which produce in order to survive, but which never really accomplish anything, because nothing can ever really be accomplished. Salim's "innocence that wasn't innocence" is that he understands and yet fails to find meaning.

# CONSERVATION TACTICS IN KENYA AND ZIMBABWE: A Worthwhile Effort?

BY SALWA A. NAHDI

**T**HE MAIN REASON for conservation is for the maintenance of the earth's biodiversity. Because it preserves species richness, genetic balance, and ecosystem variation, biological diversity should be of major concern to everyone. Biodiversity has sustained humanity in more than one way. Among its many contributions are medicinal purposes, economics and aesthetic value, and genetic libraries. Biodiversity is diminishing at an accelerating rate. This is largely due to the destruction of natural habitat induced mainly through human action. As stated above, the loss of biodiversity should be of major concern to everyone. Human beings gain great aesthetic rewards from ecotourism, bird-watching, wildlife films, pet-keeping etc., not to mention the economic activity generated from these activities. Additionally, humanity has obtained direct economic benefits from biodiversity in the form of food, medicines, and industrial products, and has the potential for gaining many more (Ehrlich and Wilson, 1993). Further, the destruction of biodiversity also threatens losses in vital ecosystem balances as seen in the relationship of tropical rainforests and the global climate.

One could argue that extinction is a natural phenomenon, so why bother to conserve? It is important to understand that extinction of organisms is happening more rapidly in the present as compared to prehistoric times. Evolution cannot keep up with the extinction rate, and thus the speciation (i.e. the mutation, hybridization, genetic drift, and natural selection) of the organisms is affected. Again extinction decreases biodiversity and in turn increases the loss of species. This dilemma has resulted in

the rise of biodiversity studies: the collection and study of species and methods by which diversity can be maintained and used to benefit humanity (Ehrlich and Wilson, 1993). As McNeely (1992) states, "the major problems of conserving biological diversity lie not in the biology of the species concerned but rather in the social, economic and political arenas within which people operate." Further, biological diversity has "global, national, and local dimensions, but actions at these various levels are not very well coordinated, and indeed often work against each other" (McNeely, 1992).

In the effort to meet the "future generations' needs and aspirations," the Western world is pumping millions of dollars each year into conservation purposes around the world.

Without a doubt there has been an extreme and continual interest in the conservation of the African countries since the 1980s. This urgent need to conserve has been necessary because of the rapid rate of destruction of tropical rain forests and other natural habitats that are home to many species. One has to understand that all life is connected in a web, and each species is dependent on others, directly or indirectly. "The ecological pyramid is a tangle of chains so complex as to seem disorderly, yet the stability of the system proves it to be a highly organized structure. Its functioning depends on the cooperation and competition of its diverse parts," states Aldo Leopold (1949) in *A Sand County Almanac*. To prevent further loss of species on the African savanna, severe actions have been taken against poachers of endangered animals. National Parks and Game Reserves have been created, and new conservation laws have been imposed by many African countries that receive funds from the Western world.

For example, the catastrophic decline of the black rhinoceros, *Diceros bicornis*, in Africa has caused major concern among conservationists. The black rhinoceros has decreased by over 95% from a population of 65,000 in 1970 to about 2,500 surviving presently (Kenya Wildlife Service, 1993). Because of this drastic reduction, large amounts of money are being spent in hopes of

saving the black rhino from extinction. Although rhinos do not play as key a role in shaping the ecology of the area as elephants do, they do however influence other species, and are also considered to be a keystone species. For example, the rhino directly influences a species of butterfly, *Geirus stigma*, that is also presently endangered due to the decline in rhino numbers. In addition there are other small species that are rhino specific, meaning they depend on the rhino for their survival. Rhinos act as seed dispensers. After ingesting seeds from fruits, in the process of defecation they spread the seeds to new areas. Because of the diminishing rhino numbers, a species of plant has become extinct as it was dependent on the rhino for seed dispersal (Brett, 1994. Personal Communication). The loss of a keystone species such as the rhino could result in significant reduction in species diversity.

The largest cause of the drastic decline of the rhino is the poaching of the animal for its horn. It has been hard to control the trade of rhino horn due to high demand for it in the Middle and Far East, and also to the failure of the governments in these areas to enforce the ban on the internal and external trade in rhino products.

The rhino's ten-kilogram (22 pound) horn of hardened protein, (keratin), is the reason for its calamitous decline. The rhino's horn has been used by Asians as medicine for at least 2000 years. The Chinese use it to treat fever, flu and convulsions. The Indians use it as an aphrodisiac, and other Asians use other parts of the rhino for various purposes such as treating menstrual disorders. In addition, the Yemenis, in the Arab peninsula, are the chief consumers of the African horn in that region of the world. It is estimated that they import 1500 kilograms of African horn per year for use in making the finest dagger handles (Tudge and Wright, 1991).

Rhino horn can bring as much as \$2000 a kilogram. This profitable trade is irresistible to determined poachers. Even though increased conservation efforts have slowed the decline of the black rhino, the situation is still threatening. Unlike elephants



who are more appealing and sociable, the rhino has less aesthetic value and thus it is harder to change peoples' minds from using and buying rhino products. Also with the long-held traditions of the use of rhino horn as a medicinal product, convincing people of the need to save the rhino would take a long time, and there is no time to spare.

In the '70s poaching had spread like a virus through Kenya, Tanzania and Zambia. Zimbabwe was spared only because it was involved in a civil war. However, as soon as Zambia's rhino herds were being wiped out, armed poachers began crossing the Zambezi river into Zimbabwe. In 1991 Zimbabwe had about 1000 rhinos but only 350 have survived today, half of them living in sanctuaries (Economist, 1993). The government of Zimbabwe had to take drastic measures to save its shrinking population of black rhinos. One strategic action taken by government is "dehorning" rhinos to make them worthless to poachers. The animals are anesthetized for about 10 minutes in order to remove the horn. Although there had been concerns over the function of the horn, hornless animals seem just as capable of defending themselves as those with horns. They have no need of their horn for feeding purposes since they bulldoze down small trees to reach the foliage. In addition, since the experiment began in the early '90s, dehorned females have successfully mated with normal males, producing calves which the mother has defended against predators, further justifying dehorning. To compensate for the cost of dehorning, Zimbabwe is allowing safari hunters to join the dehorning teams and shoot the tranquilizer darts, in turn allowing them to keep the horn (Tudge and Wright, 1991).

Another conservation method used against poachers is code-named Operation Radio Rhino. Here a transponder, an electronic device that emits a radio signal, is implanted in the rhino's horn to allow the park staff to monitor the rhino's movements 24 hours a day. A central computer compares the signals received from the transponder to plot the animal's position. This also allows for the animal to be tracked by helicopter and permits the rangers to be aware of when the rhinos wander into areas of high

risk of poaching. Also, since the transponders can be implanted in the horn, if it is removed, the computer can track the horn and direct anti-poaching units to the area to arrest the poachers (Cole, 1993).

Because all these strategies cost a lot of money, Zimbabwe's government supports strictly controlled trade because it would like to legally sell the dehorning program. Since the horn would bring at least \$2000 a kilogram, the government argues that the money raised could help to save the rhinos from extinction by helping fund other programs such as the Radio Rhino and provide incentives to the rural people who tend to see rhinos (as well as other large mammals) as a menace. This same argument is used by South Africans who have some of the world's best-run national parks and best-protected wildlife. The Southern white rhinos were once thought to be extinct but are now reaching about 5000 in number, thus showing the South Africans' success in conserving them. With increasing numbers, culling becomes necessary, because they cannot be supported at home, and there is nowhere else for them to go; hunters pay \$30,000 to shoot a white rhino. Also, with natural deaths the horns are recoverable. The two governments have a huge reserve of ivory and horn worth a lot of money that they are willing to sell in a controlled way. But presently, all horn is strictly banned by the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES). This strict ban is strongly supported by international groups such as the World Wildlife Fund (WWF) who argue that "even a limited amount of trading in rhino horn, is at risk of triggering an upsurge in poaching world wide" (Tudge and Wright, 1991). In addition other countries such as Kenya have a problem with the controlled trade concept since they support WWF's complete ban policy. Thus if trading horn is allowed, their parks will be threatened also. The Kenyans argue that if a legitimate trade is created, then poachers will steal horn and ivory from everywhere and feed it into the market, as customs authorities cannot distinguish between horn or ivory from Kenya or that from South Africa.

To solve this problem Nick van der Merve of Harvard University is presently working on a technique that will provide such a method. He is working on a technique that is based on measurements of light-stable (nonradioactive) isotopes by mass spectrometry. Van der Merve states: "Measurements of isotopes of three kinds of elements—carbon, nitrogen, and a metal—gives a triangulation that enables you to pinpoint the origin of a piece of tissue, including horn or ivory, from anywhere in the world, often to within a few kilometers" (Tudge and Wright, 1991). The ratio of light-stable carbon isotopes, carbon 12 or carbon 13, varies within plants depending on the method of photosynthesis. Since these ratios are conserved in the tissues of the animal feeding on the plant, one can tell what a herbivore has been feeding on from the proportion of carbon isotopes in its tissue. Likewise, the nitrogen isotopes, nitrogen-14 and nitrogen-15 vary according to the amount of rainfall. Further, certain metals such as strontium, lead, and neodymium vary according to the soil type (Tudge and Wright, 1991). Van der Merve's technique would be a significant advance that would enable Kenya's hands-off policy to co-exist with the controlled policy of Zimbabwe and South Africa.

However, Kenya's approach to conservation is very different from that of Zimbabwe and South Africa. In the '60s Kenya had about 20,000 rhinos but towards the end of the '70s fewer than 300 remained. To save its dwindling numbers, the Kenya Wildlife Service (KWS) has established 11 reserves; by the early '90s the rhino numbers had increased to 400. In a personal interview Richard Leakey, director of KWS, fully supported the government's commitment toward conservation because he believed that, "wildlife is as important as coffee or tea in a country like Kenya, or as oil is in the Middle East" and that "wildlife has become a strategic economic resource as an industry for the country as it brings in foreign exchange." He favored a total protection and a complete ban on the horns, because he feels otherwise the temptation of poaching will continue. He also believes in rewarding the local people because they have rights



to the revenues and also because without their cooperation conservation is doomed (Tudge, 1991). One incentive for the local people is to show them the benefits of the animals in attracting tourists, who contribute one third of Kenya's annual income.

Another effort taking place presently to save the rhino is a consideration of a sanction by the United States against the four countries that have a flourishing trade in the rhino horn. At a meeting earlier in 1993, wildlife groups urged the United States government to formally recognize that China, Korea, Taiwan and Yemen are still trading in horn even though this actively has been banned under (CITES). According to the WWF these countries have contributed to the deaths of 60,000 of the world's rhinos since 1970. Nevertheless, if the U.S. would decide to boycott wildlife exports from these nations, Korea would be affected because its exports to the US are worth more than \$10 million per year (Miller, 1993).

Another animal, the African elephant (*Loxodonta africana*), may also be headed for extinction. Among the African elephants, the big-tusked males, who once symbolized stateliness and longevity, are quickly disappearing from the continent. During the 1970s about 1.5 million wild elephants roamed the African plains and forest. Today, scientists estimate that less than 400,000 survive. During the 1980s an average of 200 to 300 elephants were slaughtered every day, 80-90% of them illegally. If poaching continues at these rates, the elephant may soon be effectively extinct, leaving only small scattered herds by the end of the century (Caputo, 1989). Poachers usually kill the matriarchs because they have the biggest tusks. However what they do not realize is that the matriarchs are depended on for their leadership; thus losing one animal impacts the whole herd. Killing the mother for her huge tusks means the death of her calves too, because they are usually unable to survive without maternal support.

The loss of the largest animal since prehistoric times would be a tragedy in its own right. As stated by Western (1989) the

elephant is considered economically, culturally, symbolically, aesthetically, educationally, and scientifically important. In addition, the elephant is also an essential part of the ecosystems of the plains and the forests (World Wildlife Fund, 1992). Elephants act as vectors for seed dispersal and they increase species richness and diversity (Western, 1989). The elephant is also a keystone species. A keystone species "plays an inordinately important role in maintaining the linkages in a food web, to the extent that their extermination would cause a cascade of change or extinctions in ecosystems" (Western, 1989).

The director of Kenya Wildlife Service (KWS), paleontologist Leakey noted that "The situation is desperate," (Caputo, 1989). Dr. Leakey directs Kenya's national parks and anti-poaching operations. He started the counter guerrilla training program against the poachers. "For the first time in years, the poachers are going to find somebody opposing them. They are going to have a real fight," Leakey told a National Geographic correspondent (Caputo, 1989).

The two major threats faced by the elephants are ivory poaching, which is by far the greater killer, and the loss of habitat due to increasing human population. To curb this threat, Kenya, along with Tanzania and other African countries, called for a complete ban on ivory trade, the lucrative incentive for elephant slaughter in the 1980s. Bans were urgently needed because other efforts to regulate trade had been ineffective since ivory is an economic enterprise worth about \$600 million a year (World Wildlife Fund, 1992).

With Africa's increasing population, people and elephants have had to compete for space. Only a quarter of the land mass of the continent is available to the elephants. In addition, elephants are considered a menace by farmers because they trample the crops and are destructive. Thus farmers also end up killing the elephants to keep them away from their farms, further confining the elephants to national parks and reserves. On the other hand, forest elephants are also in extreme danger due to the rapid loss of forests in central Africa. The loss of elephants is critical to the ecosystem, because they play an important ecologi-

cal role in their habitat (World Wildlife Fund, 1992).

A powerful example of what happens to the biological diversity of an area with low elephant numbers is seen in Amboseli Park in Kenya, where poaching has greatly reduced the elephant population. As explained below, in areas of the park where there were either low elephant densities or extremely high elephant densities (more than 4 per sq. km.), few plants existed and these were dominated by about one or two species. In contrast, in areas of moderate elephant density, two or three times as many species of plants contributed evenly to the total plant abundance (Western, 1989).

With few elephants, the area becomes dominated by one species of tree, the yellow barked acacia, making the woodland so dense that little light penetrates the acacian canopy to the woodland floor, thus decreasing the diversity of light-tolerable species. Conversely, in areas of moderate elephant densities the woodland canopy is less dense allowing more light to penetrate the understory, thus increasing species such as shrubs, herbs and grasses, which in turn "reduce the germination rate of acacia trees, reducing their domination" (Western, 1989).

In shaping the vegetation of an area, the elephants also indirectly shape their wildlife community. For example:

Census results from aerial counts show significant increases in grazer biomass (zebra, wildebeest, Thomson's gazelle and buffalo) and decreases in browser and mixed feeder biomass (giraffe, impala, Grant's gazelle) within the park where elephants have reduced the woodlands and swamp-edges, and expanded grasslands. A reverse decrease in grazer biomass and increase in browser biomass has occurred where woodlands have proliferated outside the park. The most equitable mix of grazers and browsers is found in the mosaic of woodlands and grasslands associated with moderate elephant densities straddling the park boundaries. (Western, 1989)

Elephants also function in seed dispersal. For example, without the elephant the survival of the liana tree is in danger, because

it depends on the elephant for seed dispersal. Liana seeds are very hard to break. Only elephants can break them. In their consumption, the elephants then scatter the seed as they defecate across the forest floor. Another way that elephants are important to their community is their relationship with insects. Insects depend on the elephants for their food. When elephants eat, they digest less than half of what they consume, thus allowing the insects to feed on the elephants' droppings. These insects then play a role in the higher energy pyramid when they are consumed by birds (World Wildlife Fund, 1992). One clearly sees the concept of the energy pyramid through the differing relationships the elephant has with other species.

In addition, elephants also shape their landscape because their movement across the area results in the introduction of new species. This happens when the elephants, in their search for food, tear down branches and trees, thus clearing the path for new colonization. Further, elephants are known to renew their countryside by moving to another area of the forest after overgrazing in one area, letting the grass in the first area recover. However, if they are limited to only a small area, elephants can be catastrophic to an area since they would destroy vegetation in one area and then have no place to move to after overgrazing in that area (World Wildlife Fund, 1992). In order to manage the elephants' destructive behavior, scientists have stated that culling is usually necessary in these types of areas. "Culling" is the intentional killing of elephants to control the herd population. However, Kenya is opposed to culling of elephants because of ethical reasons and the negative impact it would have on tourism. Kenya is embarking on a new program of trying to control the elephant population by new technological ways such as abortion, contraceptive vaccines and steroid implants that will be described later in detail.

Due to the heavy security and the 1989 ban on ivory, Kenya's elephant population has gradually increased. As a result, in some parts of the country it is necessary to regulate the elephant population. It would be misleading to say there are "too many"



elephants and there is no need to conserve anymore. However, it is correct to say that there are "too many" elephants in some areas of the country. This has resulted in major destruction of habitat, since the elephants are restricted to parks and reserves. Also, since areas outside parks that were previously inhabited by elephants had been turned into agricultural land, problems have arisen. "Since the cessation of poaching, elephants have started to return to their former range and in doing so they have come into conflict with a newly settled and expanding human population" (Poole, 1993). This is seen in areas such as Taita Taveta District near Tsavo National Park and Shimba Hills District near Shimba Hills Reserve in Kenya.

Kenya Wildlife Service (KWS) has funded electrical fencing of several parks and reserves to ensure support in conservation among the rural people and to reduce injury and damage to human life (Leakey, 1994. Personal Communication). Although this solves one aspect of the problem, elephant overpopulation is still prevalent in some sectors of the parks, since the fences restrict the elephants to one area, thus causing more habitat destruction, resulting in a loss of biodiversity (Western, 1994. Personal Communication). This has made it necessary that KWS decide on some immediate form of regulating and controlling the elephant population. Kenya's policy against culling leaves elephant birth control as the only other humane alternative to curtailing elephant population (Poole, 1993).

Fertility regulation is one type of strategy used by the KWS to conserve and still control the elephant population. This technique, directed by Joyce Poole of KWS, is still under experimentation. This technique is targeted towards females rather than males:

Behavioral data suggest that even if a large number of males were removed from the population and only a few reproductively intact bulls remained, a high number of pregnancies would still result. The program will therefore investigate sev-

eral different approaches to contraception for female elephants including pregnancy termination, immuno-contraception and steroids. (Poole, 1993)

Three methods of fertility control under consideration are, 1) a chemical, RU 486, which functions to increase the interbirth interval by two years, 2) immunocontraception, and 3) a steroid implant to terminate pregnancy. Currently, researchers are trying to utilize different approaches in order to develop a model that will efficiently control the elephant population. All these different methods have their advantages and drawbacks (Poole, 1993). Each of these methods is now under investigation as a possible means of controlling elephant population size.

Conservationists have had a hard task in saving African wildlife. In Africa, Soulé (1993) observes that many conservation and development projects are destined to fail, given their unstable social, economic, and political contexts. This may be true for many African countries, including Kenya, which is considered by many as a model for conservation. Kenya, has had strong conservation leaders such as Richard Leakey who make wildlife conservation a priority. This is shown by the success of tourism, which contributes about one third of Kenya's annual income. Kenya is dependent on tourism for its economy, thus the nation has strict laws concerning conservation. Dr. Leakey notes that much of the land used by the wildlife is arid and also dry and has little use to humans. Therefore, the most profitable way of using it would be for ecotourism. A stark example of political interference in the conservation successes of Kenya is shown by the recent resignation of Dr. Leakey as Director of Kenya Wildlife Service. He resigned because of the frustrations caused by political problems that stood in the way of his conservationist goals.

Kenya's current practices toward conservation of its wildlife have proven to be successful due in part to its strict laws and its effort to educate and involve rural people. This success is shown by the increase in both the population numbers of the elephant and the black rhino. The success of conservation in Kenya should

also be attributed to international donors and private conservation groups that have supported Kenya heavily with funding. Although Kenya and other African countries have been successful in increasing wildlife population numbers, the struggle of resolving the conflict between rural people and wildlife continues. Ironically, increases in wildlife populations have created another battle for conservationists, who must develop strategies to save biodiversity, yet still satisfy the economic needs of citizens. Without human cooperation conservation is doomed and considered a luxury by the rural people. Until the rural people understand the importance of these animals, conservation will remain a western and alien concept. A more direct approach is to explain and pass on economic benefits derived from wildlife viewing, which would provide an incentive to conserve. Finally, although one has hope for Kenya's methods of conservation, there is still need of new approaches and ideas if the elephants and rhinoceri are to be saved.

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## AND THEN, THERE WAS THAILAND

BY JENNIFER REDDISH

JANET LEIGH DETTLER appeared on the front page of the *Baltimore Sun* on Thursday, October 14, 1993. I did not need to read the article—I met Janet this past summer during my internship at the American Embassy in Bangkok when I visited the Thai Woman’s Remand Home. A former Baltimore resident who made her living as a factory worker and janitor, Dettler had received a life sentence for attempted drug smuggling. She bore little resemblance to the “merely gullible, unwitting courier for a Nigerian man who promised her riches in exchange for a few favors” described in the article. She had stolen a peek over the shoulder of a Thai guard at a copy of my passport used to get me admitted to the facility. Seeing I was from Maryland, Janet immediately tried to use me in her link of contacts to free her from the prison. Unfortunately I could not help her, and frankly, no one can. Short of Royal Thai Pardon, there is little chance that Dettler will be released from prison in the next 20 years. But Dettler’s case is not unique. Like the other 27 American prisoners in Thai prisons, she was lured by the promise of easy money via the growing drug and prostitution rings in Bangkok.

These people’s only connection to their home country is the American Embassy—one of the busiest in the world. However, there is little the Consular section can do, and their main function is to visit with the prisoners at least once a month to make sure they are being treated fairly. The strain of prison life is great—but the schedules of American Embassy employees is not that much easier. There is little personal time—which is especially true for

the Consular Section that deals directly with the public, and people like Dettler. However, before one can examine the life of foreign service officers abroad, one must understand that Americans who travel to Bangkok can be divided into two categories of *farung*, or foreigners. The first category includes the minority of American businessmen and tourists who travel to Patpong—a three *soi* or alleyway sex-worker district. *Time* magazine featured a Thai sex-worker and her American customer on its 21 June 1993 cover, making it one of the best selling issues in the magazine's history. Like any city, there are supplies of illicit drugs. However, the supply here is plentiful, and pure. There are actually *name brands* of un-cut heroin available. This market has augmented the number of prostitution rings and other unsavory establishments. The mortality rate of these "tourists" is high—about five Americans per month. The rest usually are caught trying to smuggle drugs out of the country—as in the case of Janet Dettler—or contract the HIV virus. Still more lose their money to the various huckster travel agents throughout the city.

Luckily, the majority of US foreigners belong to the American Embassy community. The Embassy itself is located on prime real-estate in the heart of Bangkok on Withayu or Wireless Road.<sup>1</sup> Embassy life is hierarchical and certain departments, such as the Consular, less desirable than others. Most lead rather taxing lives, leaving for work sometimes earlier than 6 a.m. to arrive on time at 7:30 a.m.

The American foreign service employees receive a great number of fringe benefits during their stay in Bangkok—even hardship compensation is added to their salaries due to pollution and traffic problems.<sup>2</sup> Each family is given free housing—along with free health care from an American doctor near the Embassy. Additional benefits include the free transport of one's vehicle from the United States, along with free "packing" of personal belongings out of the United States. Dependents of Embassy employees attend the International School of Bangkok—which is one of the best high schools in the world. The school's sports teams compete against other International Schools *in other coun-*

*tries*, rather than in neighboring cities. These students have a good chance of getting into the Ivy League school of their choice—even with mediocre grades.

The US government, and its employees, have added to the already expanding Westernization of Bangkok. More and more businesses have begun to cater to American audiences. Popular products have spilled into the Thai community itself. Many wealthy Thai citizens have been willing to pay three million Baht, or 120,000 USD, for a BMW or a Mercedes Benz—as evidenced by the great number seen during the daily 5:00 p.m. traffic gridlock. Even failing US companies such as the “Sizzler,” “Shakey’s Pizza” and “A&W Rootbeer” have secured a heavy local market share. Besides these businesses, “McDonalds,” “Burger King,” “Kentucky Fried Chicken”—even “Mister Donut” and “Dunkin’ Donuts”—can be found on every corner. The “mall mentality” has taken over the shopping scene of Bangkok. In a way, the large shopping malls have become a cultural mecca: Concerts are held there, along with arts shows. American movies are a favorite as well. The opening of Jurassic Park in Bangkok caused quite a stir—every theater was packed for the Thai-subtitled film. Western clothing fashions and music are found everywhere. There is even Thai rap music, if one can imagine a five-tone language being rapped. What cannot be found in the mall one can probably locate on the sidewalk—pirated versions of name brand fashions such as Gucci, Jordache, Camel clothing, and Rolex watches are popular.

Capitalism has improved the GDP of Thailand. But during my stay in the city, it seemed that the citizens paid for the benefits of foreign investments. Throughout the city—even in my backyard last summer—the literal 24-hour-a-day construction is deafening, and wreaks havoc on the lives of the city’s residents. Few historic Thai structures remain—and there is no law preventing developers from tearing down precious monuments and temples to build a shopping center. Soot rains a fine mist from the sky each day. The trees that once lined the streets have disappeared, and clouds of lead-gas smog choke the streets—and the

lungs of young children. Families still live in abject poverty in the *sois*, or alleyways, between the modern, glossy shopping centers. Construction workers—whose minimum wage was raised to 100 Baht a day (4 USD) after a strike—are housed in tin-roof hovels in sweltering heat. Dogs roam in unrestrained packs.

These conditions have created the perfect atmosphere for the spread of disease and pestilence. Tuberculosis and dysentery have spread throughout the population due to the unsanitary conditions of the city. It is not unusual for those who live in the city for extended periods of time to contract these diseases as well—this past winter, I found out I had contracted with tuberculosis. Prostitution and drug abuse have increased the level of HIV positive population in Thailand at an alarming rate. The AIDS research unit at the American Embassy estimates that 30-40 percent of the prostitutes in Bangkok are HIV positive, along with 50-70 percent in Chiang Mai, northern Thailand. Since visiting a prostitute is considered a rite of passage for many Thai males, AIDS has spread throughout many small villages in the countryside—even to three to four percent of the Royal Thai Army. Presently, about 400,000 people are HIV positive throughout Thailand—which is expected to rise to 1,000,000 by the year 2000. This is rather frightening when one considers that the best hospitals are located in Bangkok, which has approximately a 90,000 bed capacity.<sup>3</sup> The physical poverty many Thai people suffer, along with the lack of serenity within the city, adds to the desire to flee the country. The first choice is the United States—especially since the Thai public is inundated with images of America, and its riches, everyday. The only obstacle is the Visa Section of the US Embassy.

From April to June about 3,000 people apply for a US visa. The richest families send their children to study in the US towards a Master of Business Administration degree. Even the Royal Family must apply for a visa. The princess and her entire delegation of nurses, beauticians and bodyguards applied for their visas.<sup>4</sup> Others simply want to visit the places they had seen in movies, and return home again. Eighty out of one hundred



people who apply for a visa receive them. Sixty of the eighty will return to Thailand on time—but the last twenty will remain in the United States to become illegal aliens. Though the majority of Thai tourists do return, the minority has made the Visa interview torturous for some applicants, and for some, insurmountable—because there are certain groups of people who will never receive a US visa.

As in most countries, visa regulations weigh heavily in favor of the Thai elite. The way one shows “ties to Thailand” is through the letters from employers and schools. One also must present his bank book in order to prove he is financially able to afford the expensive travel to and from the United States—which can cost 1,500 USD or more. One’s occupation also plays an important role. For instance, nurses almost never receive visas because they have little economic or job mobility in Thailand—where in the US they could earn as much as 50,000 USD per year. Sudden increases or decreases in an applicant’s bankbook may indicate fraud (some applicants borrow money from relatives for a short time to augment their bank balance, to make them seem wealthier than they really are) or criminal activity—and disqualify his application. Other types of application fraud include false recommendation letters and passports bought off the street, along with false home addresses and aliases. Some rejections are subjective, based solely on experience. Those people the interviewing Consular officer does not trust simply because she or he is smiling unnaturally, or acts nervous, are also turned down.

The least likely to receive a visa without a spouse or guardian travel partner are young women under the age of 25. Many of these young women are bar workers who are desperate to get out of their present situations, but cannot. For instance, one woman, dressed scantily and with her long nails painted bright red, claimed that she milked cows for a living—the Consular officer, hardened by the sheer number of female applicants who tried to lie their way to visa in this manner—laughed at her. Since economic and educational opportunities are slim for the poor and uneducated women many young girls show up on the arm

of an old American man in order to apply for a marriage visa. Though legitimate American-Thai couples exist, many are simply ploys just to get the young woman out of the country. Those women who do marry an American—or any foreigner—are erased from the records of Thai institution. In other words, they no longer exist as far as the Thai government is concerned. Life for them is uncertain in the United States as well, since many women still slip through the Consular cracks via marriage brokers, prostitution rings, etc. The majority of the women are under 25 years of age, and have little knowledge of life outside of Bangkok, let alone in the United States. When one woman was asked if she realized that if she married her Alaskan lover it meant a life of freezing cold and snow, she replied, "I do not care! I love him more than snow!"

The Visa section can make or break the dreams of many Thai families and students. Though the work can be rather stressful—there is a power present among many Visa section officers. That they have the right to say "No" to whomever is seen as rather unsavory or troublesome. However, this is not the case with those who work in the rather cramped American Services office. Those who hold American passports are entitled to help—or at least believe they are entitled to aid—from their countrymen. Businessmen expect accurate advice on which lawyer to hire in the city. Lost families call American Services to learn what tourists sites they should go visit. One family even called to complain that their Thai taxi driver did not take credit cards. The worst customers of American Services are the drug couriers, like Dettler mentioned earlier, who are caught with drugs—and sent to prison. These American tourists are not only caught with drugs—but also with expired visas.

American tourists are issued a two-week visa once off the plane if they do not already have an extended visa issued in the US. After that two week period, they are expected to leave. However, those American tourists who dabble in the underside of Bangkok life tend not to care about their visa status. If they are not imprisoned for drug smuggling, they will probably be placed

in the Immigration Detention Center (IDC)—which is far worse than prison. The IDC building was built in the 1920s, and has not been renovated since then. There are three stories, with about three or four rooms about 50 feet by 20 feet in size—housing 100-160 prisoners each. The “detainees” reflect the groups the Thai government particularly dislikes—namely Lao, Burmese and Vietnamese. The prisoners do not have any space to lie down, and are fed filthy rice from dirty pans each day. There is no sympathy for children caught with their over-stay parents—and are forced to stay with them in the cell.<sup>5</sup> When I visited the American “over-stays,” the children were being exercised in military-line fashion to keep them alive.

The only hope to leave the prison is by deportation—which is done at the prisoner’s expense. The only thing the Embassy liaison can do is visit, and bring magazines—which is similar to the situation of Americans in Thai prisons. As an arm of the US government, the American Embassy has little power of its own in such cases, and cannot back an application for a Royal Thai pardon (most prisoners only hope), nor can they readily lend the money to send people back to the United States (as in the case of the IDC). The situation leaves the American Services people, and most troubled Americans abroad, frustrated. The summer of 1993 was especially difficult for the prison liaison due to the Royal Thai pardon of two rather seedy British girls caught with over 22 kilos of heroin in 1991. The women, 20 and 21 respectively, were wanted for breaking-and-entering and theft in England at the time of their arrest in Thailand, and were not well liked at Cook Yoo Ping Prison in Bangkok. The British Embassy had supported their application for release—and the American women wanted action. But there was little that could be done, except inform them of the application procedures.

My experiences in Bangkok revealed a world that most Americans cannot even imagine. Present-day Thailand bears little resemblance to the play *The King and I*—but it retains a certain charm and spirituality. Most Americans would be shocked to see people praying openly in the streets. Despite the problems

of life in Bangkok the 24-hour-a-day energy is invigorating. One can almost feel the city grow with each passing day. Even though it has been almost a year since I first landed at the Bangkok airport, Thailand is not a country one easily forgets.

END NOTES

1 But most businesses are attracted by the few environment codes, and cheap labor. Mattel, a major American toy manufacturer of "Barbie" doll fame, could not identify, or even accurately count, the number of people who died when their factory burned down in 1993, due to the number of non-recorded illegal-Thai immigrant Burmese employed.

2 The traffic grid-locks everyday around eight in the morning, and again at five in the evening. It is usually faster to travel by foot rather than in a moving vehicle. The bus system is irregular and almost incomprehensible. Taxis can be rather expensive—especially the meter taxis. One must pay the fare even if the taxi is stuck in traffic. Drivers of unmetered taxis and tuk-tuks (three-wheeled, covered motorcycle contraptions) tend to bully their customers for high fares as well. The cheapest way to go is by motorcycle taxi. The one time I took a motorcycle taxi—I thought my kneecaps were going to be cut off by someone's rearview mirror—or that I would be thrown from the cycle to the street only to crack open my head (the driver would not lend me his extra helmet). I held on to the driver so tight due to fear that he turned around at one point and said, "I love you, too."

3 Statistics from a talk given by embassy AIDS researcher at Embassy.

4 Under other names, her highness wrote "princess."

5 Apparently there is no foster care system for children in these situations.



A COMMON INTEREST IN PRESERVING  
PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP:  
Union Diplomacy Aimed at the Prevention of  
Foreign Intervention in the American Civil War

BY KEVIN ROLAND

"PEOPLE do not quite understand Americans or their politics."<sup>1</sup> The utter simplicity of this statement hits us with a stark reality that is sometimes lost in the verbosity of international diplomacy. This remark is made even more poignant due to its place in time. Charles Francis Adams uttered this sentiment in June 1861, a time when simple, rational thought had given way to passion-filled oratory and inciting editorials. At this time the still-fledgling United States of America was facing a crisis that rocked every person within her borders to the very rock foundation of their moral, political, and economic existence. Entire ways of life hung in the balance. Thus, one can agree with the importance that the nurturer of this wounded nation, Abraham Lincoln, placed upon the attempt to help foreign powers *quite surely understand* our politics. For if he failed, any hopes for the preservation of the United States of America would be dashed. Thus, Lincoln's aims in this diplomatic warfare were clearly set: Keep Great Britain out of the war. The field general appointed to this position was Charles Francis Adams. Adams came highly recommended to Lincoln by Secretary of State Seward and would prove a valuable asset to him in the future. Lincoln made the observation that Adams most certainly had an "eminent fitness for the place."<sup>2</sup>

One would think that the issue of slavery and the disdain the British people had for the institution would prove the decisive weapon for Lincoln and his diplomats in keeping the British out of the war, making an act of intervention in favor of the South out to be an endorsement of human bondage. However, this weapon

was not immediately used or even perhaps recognized as being such by Lincoln. In June of 1861, Charles Francis Adams wrote in a letter to his son that:

They [the British] do not comprehend the connection which slavery has with it, because we do not at once preach emancipation. Hence they go to the other extreme and argue that it is not an element of the struggle.<sup>3</sup>

It is easy to see how, if the only justifications for war being given were to sustain the Union, that one would overlook slavery as a root cause. Lincoln did not make it clear, or perhaps could not make it clear due to conditions in the U.S. at the time, that the abolition of slavery might well become a major war aim. The majority of the British population was against slavery, but only some supported the Union effort. This is because many in England were feeling the harsh effects of the Union Blockade and many of them were most likely saying "All of this for the preservation of a government? Bloody ridiculous!" You see, there was no perceived moral background to the Union's cause. If Lincoln had been able to expound upon the moral implications of Southern independence, he would have found the majority of the British population, even adamant Southern supporters, willing to refrain from intervening in the crisis. As the war in America progressed, and Lincoln's incremental victories bringing the slavery issue to the forefront of the war began to mount, he was able to further this point on the international level and thus gain increased support. Charles Francis Adams made the observation on December 25, 1862, that:

... The middle and lower class sympathise with us, more and more as they better comprehend the true nature of our struggle. A good deal of dust was thrown into their eyes at first by the impudent pretense that the tariff was the cause of the war. All that is now over.<sup>4</sup>

The middle and lower classes proved to be good supporters of the Union. The majority of these classes were made of the factory and mill workers who were feeling the brunt of the Union blockade. However, even the Southern propaganda agent working in England, Henry Hotze, knew that these workers held an "aversion to our institutions as firmly rooted as in any part of New England . . ." <sup>5</sup> I hold the belief that these people held such a distaste for slavery for two reasons. First of all, the idea of forced labor is entirely antithetical to the Protestant work ethic. Slave labor is not efficient labor thereby perpetuating the sin of idleness. Second, the majority of English workers descended from the peasants of feudal times. I believe that the archaic memory of their ancestors working for the gain of their master as opposed to reaping their own benefits from the land was embedded in their unconscious, and the issue of slavery triggered those deep-seated emotions. They had no part in the patrilineal system, the fox hunts, the polo games, or any of the luxuries enjoyed in the feudal estates. They always had to work for what they had and in this dilemma the workers aligned along principle, not convenience. Lincoln knew quite well that the workers were suffering many hardships as a result of the war and it was diplomatically, and more importantly spiritually, prudent to pay special attention to their plight. "I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the working-men at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis." <sup>6</sup> In a letter to the working-men of Manchester, from which the above passage is taken, Lincoln said that when the rest of Europe was toying with recognition of the Confederacy, they were not, and:

Under the circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country . . . I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation. <sup>7</sup>

This was the portrait of Lincoln as a great Christian King. Much resembling Shakespeare's King Henry V in charisma and generalship, he combined these skills with a genuine, heart-felt charity toward those who followed him. It is also very noteworthy how in the midst of praise for one group's moral fortitude, he could, with the same words, unleash a biting commentary upon his enemies. In a letter addressed to the working-men of London, written shortly after his address to their fellow workers in Manchester, his craft was well evident.

The resources, advantages, and powers of the American people are very great, and they have consequently succeeded to equally great responsibilities. It seems to have devolved upon them to test whether a government established on the principles of human freedom can be maintained against an effort to build one upon the exclusive foundation of human bondage. They will rejoice with me in the new evidences which your proceedings furnish that the magnanimity they are exhibiting is justly estimated by the true friends of freedom and humanity in foreign countries.<sup>8</sup>

This passage accomplished, among others, two very important objectives. First it drew a spiritual connection between the supporters of the Union in America and those in Britain. Second, Lincoln set a standard for all those in the world who say they love freedom and humanity: they must agree with the abolition of human bondage. Thus anyone trying to undermine the United States government is morally opposed to freedom and humanity. Lincoln's moral leadership could be argued to be one of the most important aspects of the Union's diplomatic attempts to offset Southern sympathies in England, but it took many other occurrences and strategies to allow enough time for the issue of slavery to come to the forefront.

In the beginning of the crisis, Lincoln had many factors working against him and his effort to prevent foreign intervention. He would need only to look to America's own revolution to

find a precedent where foreign intervention was the decisive blow in the success of a rebellion. In addition to the American example, the scarier fact that Britain had recently aided the Greeks, Italians, Poles, and Hungarians in their own quests for independence did not help matters.<sup>9</sup> He also knew that, in the South's case, preventing such aid would be quite a task, for he would have to find methods to derail the train of Southern diplomacy whose routes were already established. The South had every right to feel optimistic about wooing the British government to their bed for they already enjoyed the company of many British aristocrats. As Adams put it, "The great body of the aristocracy and the wealthy commercial classes are anxious to see the United States go to pieces."<sup>10</sup> The British aristocracy felt a sort of kinship relationship with those in the South, for the image of the Southern gentleman ran parallel to that of England's landed gentry. Along with these social similarities, the South was armed with the resentments of the British toward the Union blockade of southern ports. The blockade was helping to deny even "King Cotton" himself travel privileges. Lincoln would have to counter these southern advantages with his diplomatic cunning wisdom.

At this point in history, Britain's nose was still somewhat bloodied by the fists of the American Revolution and War of 1812. It had been less than fifty years since blood was shed between the two nations and a bitter taste still lingered in the mouths of many British subjects. Therefore, the imposition of Union force to attempt to coerce the British into minding their own business might only expedite their involvement. Lincoln realized this and when situations arose where a threat could be construed, he acted promptly to suppress them. For example, Secretary of State Seward on May 21, 1861, prepared a dispatch whose purpose was to inform Minister Adams of the policies and procedures which he was to pursue as chief diplomat to England. Lincoln reviewed this letter and took it upon himself to edit the letter by omitting some phrases or words and adding others. One



particular passage dealt with the consequences of British intervention. The original passage read as follows:

When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends, and become once more, as we have twice before been forced to be, enemies of Great Britain.<sup>11</sup>

Lincoln omitted this passage from the final dispatch. Lincoln realized this was not the time to threaten Great Britain nor to rub salt in its wounds suffered in two previous contests with the United States. Lincoln felt that the best tactic in dealing with foreign nations would be to treat them with respect and allow them to manage their own affairs. In his annual message to Congress on December 1, 1862, he stated:

We have attempted no propagandism, and acknowledged no revolution. But we have left to every nation the exclusive conduct and management of its own affairs . . . complaint on the part of this government, even if it were just, would certainly be unwise.<sup>12</sup>

I believe that aside from the fact that this would help to deter incendiary actions between nations, this policy helped to put forth the image that in fact there was not an urgent intervention crisis. If Lincoln could create the perception that the other world powers were, and would always be, on friendly terms with the United States, this perception could evolve into a sort of reality, thus pacifying foreign policy makers and military leaders. Again in dealing with possible confrontations with foreign powers, Lincoln reemphasized the peaceful relations between nations.

All such collisions tend to excite misapprehensions, and possibly to produce mutual reclamations between nations which have a common interest in preserving peace and friendship. In clear cases of these kinds I have, as far as possible, heard and redressed complaints put forth by friendly powers.<sup>13</sup>

One should not think, however, that Lincoln's policy was by any means open-endedly conciliatory in nature. These relationships were to be based on a friendly *respect*, not just friendship for the sake of friendship. He found that fine line between causing offense and sacrificing principle and walked it quite skillfully.

The importance of the outcomes of military campaigns in America should be given emphasis as well. The repulsion of Lee's invasion into Maryland, even though it cannot be construed as a military victory, was a diplomatic victory for Lincoln. The British government under Palmerston, to which other foreign governments looked for cues, was hesitant in its decision to recognize the insurgent states as a separate entity because of lack of decisive Confederate military victory. Clement Eaton goes as far as to say that "The best opportunity that the Confederacy ever had to win foreign recognition . . . was destroyed by the decisive battle of Antietam."<sup>14</sup> I would agree somewhat with his sentiments but one cannot underestimate later battles as delivering the decisive blow, especially the battles at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Henry Adams, Minister Adam's son and secretary, commented to his younger brother the mood of the English aristocrats when the news of Vicksburg was reported.

This is a sort of thing that can neither be denied, palliated, nor evaded; the disasters of the rebels are unredeemed by even any hope of success . . . It is now conceded at once that all idea of intervention is at end.<sup>15</sup>

This was quite similar to the situation Lincoln would face as the election of 1864 loomed nearer. The military victory achieved in Atlanta had a definite and extremely powerful effect on events in the political arena. Just as the stalemate at Antietam and the victory at Vicksburg had arrived at critical periods in Lincoln's foreign dealings, fate dealt him a good hand again in his domestic political affairs with the capturing of Atlanta.

Although the war with the South was to continue for nearly two more years, and many thousands of lives were to be lost, the

war of diplomacy had been won. Lincoln could now concentrate all efforts on ending the war without the ominous threat of British guns. It took a great analytical mind which could articulate both reason and emotion to formulate a sound course for such diplomacy. For in those dire straits the fate of a nation, as well as the fate of free institutions the world over, could have been dashed among the rocks of temperament and chewed by the tides of resentment. However, Lincoln navigated skillfully through those hostile waters, and in doing so found peaceful waters once again.



## THE AIDS OF AQUACULTURE: MSX

BY MOLLIE T. STORKE

**C***Crassostrea virginica*, the American oyster, is a species that once flourished in the Chesapeake Bay but is now a population overrun by disease. I plan to explore a disease called MSX, Multinucleate Sphere Unknown, and the causative protozoan parasite, *Haplosporidium nelsoni*. Although there are other reasons for the decline in numbers of oysters, MSX is a major contributor. Chesapeake Bay oysters had a great worldwide economic market and supported a unique way of life for watermen. More important perhaps was their role as filters in Chesapeake Bay ecology, and their decline has only contributed further to the decline of the Bay as a whole. For these reasons, I find it valid to try to learn about this disease and its realities of the oyster future.

*Crassostrea virginica*, hereafter referred to as oyster, is a bivalve mollusk that has a thick, irregularly shaped, rough shell. It prefers intertidal to subtidal waters with hard to sandy bottoms. The interior of the shell is grayish with a purple muscle scar.<sup>1</sup> Oysters cluster together on the floor of the Bay to form beds or bars and create an environment that supports a myriad of organisms. They prefer water depths between 8 and 25 feet and feed by filtering plankton.<sup>2</sup> When oysters filter for food, they also filter detrital matter and some pollutants. For this reason, they are a crucial part of Chesapeake Bay ecology, serving as the "water treatment center." Oysters spawn in early summer, which makes them thin and weak because their nutrients go towards their spawning efforts. It is not a wonder they become so weak; the average male produces 2,960,000,000 sperm.<sup>3</sup> In the fall, they

are back to normal size and function. Young oysters, or spat, mature quickly, in two or three months.<sup>4</sup> It is hard to fathom that a creature that produces so many young has trouble surviving, proving the pathogenicity of the disease.

Although funding is not in the amounts it should be, research in the area of oyster disease, and specifically MSX, is an extremely popular topic. Through time, and some mistaken identities, MSX is now known to be a sporozoan protozoan named *Haplosporidium nelsoni*, after Dr. Thurlow Nelson.<sup>5</sup> This pathogen thrives in higher salinity waters, fifteen parts per thousand or higher.<sup>6</sup> It affects oysters of all ages, with the average oyster surviving two years. It is not known to affect humans who have consumed infected oysters. The parasite *H. nelsoni* elicits an inflammatory-type response in oysters.<sup>7</sup> In a study conducted by the Haskin Shellfish Research Laboratory, an attempt was made to quantify the effects of parasitism using the circulating hemocytes of oysters exposed to *H. nelsoni*. Seasonal factors and experimentally varied physical conditions also affect numbers, types, and behavior of hemocytes and this was considered in the study.<sup>8</sup> It was found that *H. nelsoni* infection does elevate hemocyte counts, but that change associated with season and selection are greater.<sup>9</sup> This study also found that parasites were found in the same locations as hemocytes: between connective tissue and epithelial cells, as well as in blood vessels and sinuses.<sup>10</sup>

In another study conducted by the same laboratory, the infection and mortality patterns in oysters selected for resistance to MSX were examined. Oyster strains selected for resistance to the parasite *H. nelsoni* responded to exposure with gradual improvement in successive generations.<sup>11</sup> It was also reported that strains of oysters selected for resistance to *H. nelsoni* were also more resistant than unselected strains to another oyster protozoan parasite *Perkinus marinus*, commonly called dermo.<sup>12</sup> It was concluded that there is possibility of the existence of a defense mechanism that enables oysters to tolerate nonspecific stress. If this is valid, it could also be true that non-*H. nelsoni* stressors could act in concert with the parasite to cause death

when neither would do so by itself.<sup>13</sup> The ill health of the Chesapeake Bay would certainly qualify as a stressor to the oyster and is probably creating an opportunistic-type situation for *H. nelsoni*.

Another study that looked at potential defense mechanisms for MSX in oysters was conducted by Chintala and Fisher. This study was conducted in the Bay at Deal Island in Maryland. It used two stocks of oysters, one resistant to MSX from the Delaware Bay, and a susceptible stock from the Chesapeake Bay. The results concluded that MSX-selected oysters were resistant not only to *H. nelsoni*-related mortality, but also to infection since only 1% of all resistant oysters tested positive for MSX.<sup>14</sup> Both stocks were equally susceptible to *Perkinsus marinus* suggesting that MSX resistance may be due to a specific factor that does not resist dermo disease.<sup>15</sup> These studies in genetically engineered oysters appear to solve one problem, yet only to create another. Although the intentions of the researchers are good, perhaps Mother Nature does not want this fixed.

As mentioned previously, MSX thrives in high-salinity waters. Haskin and Ford studied the relationship between host and parasite along a salinity gradient using the Delaware Bay. They concluded that infection intensity along the gradient is different, with serious infection in higher salinity areas.<sup>16</sup> Also, very high salinities, 30 ppt or more, as well as low ones, are damaging to the parasite.<sup>17</sup> In relationship to the Chesapeake Bay and its oysters, they prevail in upper and lower zone two and zone three.<sup>18</sup> These zones are close to the mouth of the Bay and therefore have mid-to-high salinity levels, indicating the intensity of infection for these oysters.

Besides scientific researchers, other people are trying to help with the oyster problem through legislation, fund raising, and philosophy. In 1991 a watermen's organization recommended a \$300 surcharge on oystering license to subsidize a state program to transplant seed shells to productive bars.<sup>19</sup> Many feel that a ban on the oyster fishery is the only solution, using the recent rockfish ban as an example. However, all pros are accompanied

by the cons. To quote environmental writer Tom Horton, "You can't be a full-time environmentalist and a full-time friend of a watermen. You try your best, but you don't have the same agenda."<sup>20</sup>

The decline of the oyster in the Chesapeake Bay is a serious problem. Along with the loss the watermen have suffered, and will continue to suffer, the Bay ecology has lost an intricate part of its mechanics. At a time in history where the Bay itself is threatened, it is sad to see such a famous aspect of it depleted. The poor quality of water is creating an immuno-suppressed oyster to which parasites flock. As with the epidemic of AIDS that is killing the human population, MSX is taking its toll on the Chesapeake oyster population.

## END NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Alice Jane Lippson and Robert L. Lippson, *Life in the Chesapeake Bay*. (Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984), 36.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, 167-168.

<sup>3</sup>Robert A. Hedeon, *The Oyster: The Life and Lore of the Celebrated Bivalve*. (Centreville, MD: Tidewater Publishers, 1986), 37.

<sup>4</sup>Lippson and Lippson, *Life in the Chesapeake Bay*, 168.

<sup>5</sup>Hedeon, *The Oyster*, 132.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, 132.

<sup>7</sup>Susan E. Ford, et. al., "Cellular Responses of Oysters Infected with *Haplosporidium nelsoni*: Changes in Circulating and Tissue-Infiltrating Hemocytes," *Journal of Invertebrate Pathology* (61.49-57, 1993), 49.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, 49.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, 50.

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, 54.

<sup>11</sup>Susan E. Ford and Harold H. Haskin, "Infection and Mortality Patterns in Strains of Oysters *Crassostrea virginica* selected for resistance to the parasite *Haplosporidium nelsoni* (MSX). *The Journal of Parasitology*. (73.2, April 1987), 370.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., 374.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., 374-375.

<sup>14</sup>Marnita M. Chintala and William S. Fisher, "Disease Incidence and Potential Mechanisms of Defense for MSX-Resistant and Susceptible Eastern Oysters Held in Chesapeake Bay," *Journal of Shellfish Research*, (10.2, 1991), 442.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., 442.

<sup>16</sup>Harold H. Haskin and Susan E. Ford, "*Haplosporidium nelsoni* (MSX) on Delaware Bay Seed Oyster Beds: A Host-Parasite Relationship along a Salinity Gradient," *Journal of Invertebrate Pathology*. (40.3, 1982), 398.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., 401.

<sup>18</sup>Lippson and Lippson, *Life in the Chesapeake Bay*, 210.

<sup>19</sup>Eugene L. Meyer, "Battle in the Bay," *Audubon*, (93.6, 1991), 26.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., 28.

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II  
FICTION

CONSCIOUSNESS, FREEDOM, AND MORALITY:  
JUPITER TONANS

An Application of Sartre's Philosophy  
In A One-Act Play

BY BRANDON HOPKINS

*The scene is set with furniture the style of the Second Empire. Sitting on the coffee table is a copy of The Mill On the Floss, upon which sits a paper-knife. Hanging above a green chair is a copy of Picasso's Guernica and standing in the corner of the room is an easel with a palette and brush. The canvas is half-painted: a self-portrait of the artist, Oedipus, swollen-footed tyrant of Thebes, who sits on the couch reading a Braille copy of Aristotle's Poetics.*

*Oedipus: (speaking aloud to himself) . . . then, according to Aristotle, I am the paragon of the Tragic Hero because of my reactions to my situation and the catharsis that my blinding myself inspires in the audience. Thus, I am defined by my actions, I am the Tragic Hero because my actions fit the schema considered by others to be the schema of the Tragic Hero . . . hmm . . . (He pauses a second in self-reflection and then sets down the book. The clock strikes three.) Well then, I suppose it's time for tea. (He gropes his way to the door and then searches the wall for the buzzer to call his servant. He rings the bell and the door immediately opens and the Servant enters.)*

*Servant: Here is your tea, sir. (He sets the tray on the table and pours a cup for Oedipus.)*

*Oedipus: Thank you. Your service has been of great pleasure to me — your entrance, which seems trivial now, will, I'm sure, become quite important shortly. (He tosses the Servant a coin and listens for the door to close. Exit Servant.)*

Oedipus: *(again, to himself)* Now then, as I was saying — I am therefore only what I make myself . . . I am not a hapless victim of fate but rather the creator of my own destiny — I am one condemned to my own freedom, to use the words of Sartre, and mine is a story of self-fulfilled prophecy. And yet, even as I believe this to be true, I find some fault in Sartre's philosophy; such as the existence of G . . . *(he stops mid-sentence, casting his blind glance about the room, listening for the voice he's heard.)*

Oedipus: *(thinking someone else is in the room)* Hello there, speak again and tell me where and who you are.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes, I am Oedipus— or, at least, I think I am Oedipus, that is what I call myself.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: What do you mean explain yourself. Do you mean to ask why I think that I am Oedipus?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Very well then, I am Oedipus in the very same way that my servant is the Servant. And my servant is the Servant in the same way that I am the archetypical Tragic Hero. We each are defined by that which we do, what character we play at being, by how we *seem* to be. And who might you be?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Jupiter?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: You do mean the Jupiter of Greek mythology . . . the father of the gods? Do you mean to say that you are God?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: I see *(he begins to sip his tea and then suddenly spits it across the table in shock).*

Oedipus: (*exasperated*) What is this you ask of me?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: You want that I should kill my sons! But that is, to be sure, immoral!

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Never mind my definition of morality! How am I to know if you are really asking this of me, anyhow?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: What do I mean! I mean, how do I know that you exist, that your voice is not the fabrication of my mind?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes, but is it not possible that my senses are incorrect, that my mind is playing a trick on me? Madmen have hallucinations that are as convincing as reality though these hallucinations are not real. I may be mad, or you might be the creation of a bicameral mind — an auditory illusion! After all, I cannot even see you . . .

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes! — and better that I should be blind.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: In any case, my senses are not infallible — and if you do not exist then killing my sons would be immoral.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: True, if you do exist then my obedience is, I suppose, obligatory. But that is just it, I do not know if this voice I hear is real, or if it is real, if it is addressed to the "Oedipus" I consider myself to be, and if it is both of these things, how do I know that this voice is not evil? This voice could be coming from hell to corrupt me!

*Silence.*

Oedipus: You may assure me all you like but it cannot be considered in this matter. And truly, it really doesn't matter because, in the end, it is I who makes the final choice about my action and I who bears responsibility for the consequences. Therefore, I cannot kill my sons.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Certainly not! I am not denying the existence of God by making my own moral decision — I am merely taking into account that this conversation may not be real and so it *might* be wrong to kill my sons. In fact, to the contrary, I am convinced that there is a God (though the voice I hear may not be of God), I frankly don't see how anything could exist without some creator... even if the universe is a perpetually running machine, something would have to first set it in motion. So there is a need for God — not for moral reasons, we can handle that ourselves, but for physics reasons, for existence.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: I am the artist of the painting on the easel — but I don't see how this pertains . . .

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes, I am also the subject of the painting. In a way, every human being is painting a self-portrait.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Surely I agree; but Sartre is only partly right. Just as when one paints a picture one must use materials that will produce the desired colors, a man must use the materials he has in order to make himself.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: No, I do not mean "human nature," I mean "individual attributes." If I am psychologically impaired, for example, if I am an obsessive-compulsive, then some of the things that go into my making myself are without my control. I think that Sartre's down-play of the psyche is far from circumspect.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes, when he argues against Freud. Furthermore, we must distinguish, as Adler will tell us, between "free choice" and "free will." We have only a "freedom" of choices, we can only choose what we want to do within a certain situation — we cannot will circumstances. There will always be things then that happen beyond our control, where we can will only so much as what to do about them.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Exactly! Being an obsessive-compulsive is not my choice, but going to a psychiatrist is my choice. This is how my freedom is defined. The situation is my paint and I decide how it shall be applied to the canvas. This decision is what I am — the canvas is me.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Come again?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: According to whom am I who I think I am?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: To others. My servant who brought me tea, for example. I am that which I am in his eyes because of the things which I have done. To him, I am the model Tragic Hero.

*Silence.*



Oedipus: Don't be witty, of course he isn't Aristotle. He's done nothing to *become* Aristotle. To me he is a servant, because of the role he plays for me and the actions which he performs.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes, he becomes that role.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: By taking on the attributes of a servant. By being that-which-he-is-not.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: He is really who he is, playing at being my servant.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: By ignoring that he is doing it. When he becomes the Servant he transcends his actual personality— we shall call this the facticity, or object, of his consciousness — and takes on a new persona.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes, I suppose that is self-deception, but it is harmless.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Sure, we are all in self-deception at some point. I deceive myself by playing at being the King of Thebes. But one can overcome self-deception by realizing the facticity that they have transcended.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Am I in self-deception now? In this conversation?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: But how could I be?

*Silence.*

Oedipus: You are correct — I am hearing your voice. But I did not deny that, I only questioned your command by asking myself whether the voice is good or bad or if it's real at all.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: I've explained this already . . . I cannot do what you say because I do not know your intention or if you are saying it.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Perhaps you are right.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Yes . . .

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Surely.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Correct . . .

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Oh my! I do see what you mean.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Then I take a gamble by not listening, For if your voice is both real and the voice of God then I am being disobedient and sinful — but if your voice is not real or is lying but I believed it as both real and good then what I think would be obedience would be immoral.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: No, it is not completely a pitfall.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: I could kill myself.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: But then I would be defying you, if you do exist.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Surely it would still be "sin" — but it is one that I myself have chosen in response to you. It may be immoral but I fully bear responsibility for it. And in doing so, I escape the moral dilemma that you have inspired. You commit me to ask whether or not I shall do what you say — a moral quagmire — but if I choose my own question, I escape yours. By killing myself I decide the ultimate part of my future, that is, when my future ends. If you exist then I must deal with the decision in the after-life — but that is my choice and I take responsibility — and if you do not exist then I have evaded the question and the answer. I can escape the decision of whether or not I'm insane and never have to face the consequences of my judgement.

*Silence.*

Oedipus: Very well then . . . *(He grabs the paper-knife from the coffee table and plunges into himself)* I am the creator of my destiny . . . *(he dies)*

*Silence.*

*(The door opens, enter Servant)*

Servant: Oh dear! I see Oedipus has killed himself. I heard what I think were his last words, as I was coming to the door. He did indeed choose his own destiny — not to have one. Well, it really doesn't matter in his case. His case was exceptional to begin with — Oedipus's character is supposed to kill himself just as he was meant to blind himself.

*(He retrieves the tray from the table)*

Servant: I guess this only goes to show how one's actions define who one is—because Oedipus has completed the schema, he is a Tragic Hero. I suppose that morality has been a question of great concern since the times of Sophocles . . . *(he looks down at the table)* Oh, a copy of *The Mill On the Floss*, I've been meaning to read this . . .

*(He takes the book and the tray and exits.)*

THE END

## WAITING IN THE SUMMER

BY RACHEL DEMMA

ON THESE HUNG-OVER mornings in June both my daughter and I are late risers. She slaps her bony feet across the kitchen linoleum at quarter past eleven. I say to her "there's some coffee." Her eyes focus on what is past my head. She hums her answer back. The stretched out grey t-shirt that she wore to bed used to be mine. It hangs to the middle of her thighs. I watch the bitten down butts of her fingernails uselessly skimming the skin of the orange she holds. She's leaning, hip cocked, against the refrigerator. I look and meet her bloodshot stare. She says, "I'm working at twelve" and smells of strawberries and cigarettes as she walks past my chair.

People have stopped telling me when they're going. Last night Lynette left past midnight with Gardner. In April my wife called two days after she left to tell me she was gone. I had seen that she was. When I opened the bedroom closet her empty wire hangers hit against each other gently. She said she was calling from a room at Best Western in Atlanta, Georgia but behind her voice I hear sounds of more space than that. She was standing on wall-to-wall carpeting in stale air-conditioning, but I heard steps on a hardsurface floor, a door closing, another voice moving in and out of earshot, this sound of a bigger room behind her. I had the sense a whole brightly lit and large-roomed house surrounded her voice. But the T.V. could have been turned up loud.

Lynette has been sleepwalking this summer. The first time I heard her on the stairs stepping down from the last step to the floor. In the doorway of the living room I watched her walking slowly, wide-eyed in her sleep. She moves with better posture

asleep than awake. Light from the street blotched the wall behind her with the shadows of the front lawn's crabapple tree. Dark lines of branches and the shapes of leaves fell onto her standing so straight-backed but with limp arms in a v-neck white under-shirt. Her unblinking eyes were towards the window. I said her name and moved to stand near her. The shirt she wore smelled of fabric softener. Trying to hold her thin forearm without pressure I pulled her out from under this camouflage of crabapple shadow toward me.

I was waking up sometimes twice in one week to lead her in wide circles around the coffee table and past corners back to her room. She doesn't wake up even as she is angling herself into bed. Lying down, she turns on her left side and settles her head down onto the palm of her hand.

Upstairs I hear the shower turned on. There is a pulsing of blood and pain behind my right eye. Through the open door I hear the phone in another house ring and I think of the sun creaking up to its noon high above the house. My wife and I are not teaching summer session this year. There is the greenhouse out back we had stripped and sanded. For the last three days I have sat in a lawn chair, sweat crawling on my back beneath my shirt, with clean brushes and pans full of paint. She'd picked a deep green. Today I should work on it but standing will bring on nausea. I think of what Gardner and Lynette could do past dawn. I've seen him once, standing, shoulders slouching forward, in the front hallway with Lynette after coming back from dinner at my sister's. He shook my hand hard and I felt the cool metal of the ring he wore pressing into my skin. The hoarse laugh of the woman next door filters through my screen door.

Last night I thought Lynette was walking in her sleep. Coming up slowly from sleep, my eyes squinted at the dark. I weaved down the hall, heavy with vodka, to go down and walk my sleeping daughter through the hall's shadows, safely past sharp edges and behind her on the stairs, let her calloused heels choose my own unsteady footing. At the top step I heard a car engine idling at the curb and Lynette was pulling the front door closed



behind her. A car door was shut with so little force that she'd have to open and slam it after turning the corner. I stood at the bay window watching Gardner's boxy and small Datsun with its lights off move past the house, the orange burning circle of a car lighter being lifted from the dash to his cigarette. She came in sometime past five.

Lynette is running down the stairs. She calls back to me in the kitchen, "late" and the front door slams. I do not want her to go out with Gardner tonight when the night is already half over. If I am woken up tonight I hope it is to her slow, even footsteps on the hallway's wood floor, not the quiet sounds made by her tight nervous movements as she slips out onto the porch and over the lawn. My wife would not let it happen more than that once. When I think of her it is against a pattern of brown and orange large blossoming flowers that was on the bedspreads and curtains in the last hotel room we were in over Christmas. When Lynette stood in her sleep that first night I thought the sound of her mother's voice would've woken her when mine couldn't.

I am sitting, my back arched over the table in front of me. This is what I do at night when Lynette is gone. With a poetry anthology I'm planning to use in the fall, a pen, and a glass of something, watching the microwave's clock flipping digits to me, I wait until I cannot stay awake to go upstairs to bed. Now, the glare of the sun prevents me from seeing the time. It sounds like Lynette has left a radio turned on upstairs. I think that if the woman next door is off the phone, I'll go and ask if her fifteen year old would take a few dollars to paint the greenhouse.

It takes a long time to fall asleep in the afternoon. From the backyard comes the rhythmic sound of the paintbrush sliding down the side of the greenhouse. Turning to the wall, I close my eyes against the light. I am jarred into a murky dusk by a call from Lynette telling me she is out to dinner with Gardner and drawn back into sleep by the brightness of the television. I awake again to a sit-com's laugh track and turn it off. Lynette's radio is on again. I think of their meal if there even was one and my eyes roll back to their sockets. A thunderstorm moves through the humid-

ity. The window shade slaps against the wire screen. I hear her feet on the stairs and I lie awake listening for sounds outside the house, holding up my arm in the greenish tint of the clock-radio and letting it hang disembodied above me. I do not hear any car in the street, but he could have been realizing and turning off the engine. Lynette's steps are quiet and steady. My arm falls down to the damp sheets. Goddamn her while my jaw stretches and tightens and my teeth grind into each other.

Slowly, still in my day clothes, I move to meet her at the front door. I am clumsy on the stairs and, almost out of breath in the front hallway, say her name as she stands in front of the front door. Hair is lying flat and thick on her shoulders and shoulder blades. Her knees lock her legs into stiffness. She is asleep. Her open-eyed face is pale from the street's light. Rain falls, light and thunder roll the storm further away. There is no car waiting out in front. I can lead my daughter along the known path with my hand on her arm, over the fringe on the upstairs throw rug, and into her dim bedroom where she will fall sideways into sleep. Her legs will be stretching against the fabric of her t-shirt as she walks. I will watch her lie down with her fresh smell in my nose and somehow almost on my breath and go back to bed thinking of my wife's weight next to me as my face presses into the pillow.

### III POETRY

# IT IS BETTER TO LIVE IN HADES THAN IN HOPE

BY TANYA ALLEN

Don't tell me Persephone didn't know what she was doing.  
I'd eat those pomegranate seeds too, especially if I knew  
that for six months each year I wouldn't see the light.

It is better to live in Hades than in Hope—Hope is in  
New Jersey and doesn't have a Burger King. Hope's  
streets are filled with deer and squirrels. They're hit  
when they try to get to the other side of the road.

That flower-painting young goddess was smart—  
She knew what Hades held: protection.  
Listen. It is because of sun that we have shadows.

Sure—Persephone's husband liked to chain men to rocks,  
and some say he beat her . . .  
but at least she knew she was his treasure.

FROM SISTER TO SISTER  
DAUGHTER TO MOTHER  
IN POLITICS

BY FORREST M. GEORGE

If there was a time  
when I was curled alone  
when I stayed strict  
when I coursed a tiny bed  
in deep channels curled tight inside.  
If there was a time  
you were not there.

But if there comes a time  
when I have over-flown  
and the people around me, like dirt to water  
are saturated with me  
and I mix them, create wells of them  
and settle them down and lift them into upset

Then say she is  
the Bay, say she is  
as fertile as the mud of the Bay  
Then say "I was there."

And I will carry you  
like I hold beginning drops of water  
cupped in my hands during a rain  
and I will lift you  
and settle you down.

## GRAVITY

BY THANE GLENN

Long-handled swing of earth's swelling pull,  
Norse bequeathed hammer dragged up above head,  
Moment of perfect alignment at axis peak

Falling poise arched through tendon, sinew, callus, and blister,  
Collapsing through shaft into head, driving wedge with a  
Crack

Splitting through wood, neat splint'ry grained  
Halves toppling white in the sun  
One blow.



## THE WAY TO FLY

BY JENNIFER REDDISH

The challenge comes as one drop kicks the cat  
Out the window to that haven  
On the winter-cracked concrete. It'd be easier to prepare  
*Feline domesticus* catchitorie. But

Nothing compares to that stomach life joy—  
Watching a sleek black cat flipping  
Tail over head, head over tail.  
Meowning through the light-split sky,

She flicks a hiss at the sun. The left paw  
Bats at visions of morning aubades outside  
My window. I'm here reading, bored. I think:  
I could create a shooting star-cat to land on your house,

Your mouth—the shape of an open barn  
As slick fur lands in tufts around your feet.

## BOILING POINT

BY J. TARIN TOWERS

I answered the phone while making  
soup today and when I returned  
to my stove half the water had  
boiled away. It was my mother.

Somewhere in the world there's a man  
selling ice cream to a crack addict  
who smiles and smiles as if she'd  
invented the keyhole. No one

has ever predicted rain better  
than a man with rheumatism; candles  
melt when you leave them in the sun  
and take the shape of the box

you left them in. Water boils. So  
does skin if you touch it with your mind.  
Ten women were raped while I  
was on the phone. Talking to Mom.

Plasma is a state of matter between  
solid, liquid and gas. Things  
that burn have their own smell. I just  
refilled the pot, stirring it twice,

adding garlic. It's daylight here,  
and somewhere in the world a cone  
is finished, a call is finished, a sun  
is rising, setting, someone falls in love.  
Something boils over. Someone sleeps.

## GLADLY WOULD HE LEARN AND GLADLY TEACH

BY JOY YARUSI

The Lack of him is like an endless Fall,  
Although it's true, not once had he been mine.  
Around his charms I built a massive wall,  
Afraid was I of all his polished rhyme.  
Our world that lauds our lust before our love,  
Was all it took to make me hate his wit.  
The ones from years before my thoughts were of,  
And into my world I thought just I could fit  
My move to bring the man within my grasp.  
To keep him from the touch of one like me,  
He came without a sigh, in fact he laughed,  
And here began a Fall that none shall see.

But now, no bricks, no man, no more to prove,  
I find 'tis I who am now free to move.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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## READER, READ: A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

WHEN YOU ASK writers what they “need,” the thoughtful ones reply: Time and Opportunity. Here at Washington College we are keen on giving our student authors the “opportunity” to publish. Through the O’Neill Literary House, the Writers Union, and the Literary House Press (the publisher of the *Washington College Review*), Washington College students have a variety of magazines, monographs, and broad-side editions in which to publish their work. Each year nearly a hundred pieces of Washington College student writings (not counting work published in the *Elm*, the student newspaper) find their way into print. In previous years, most of this writing has been creative writing: parts of novels, poems, short stories, plays. But the balance is changing—and the change is good for all the student writers.

Once again, the *Washington College Review* is pleased to feature fine writing from student authors whose interests are as varied as the curriculum of the College. It was Douglass Cater, author, journalist, and former president of Washington College, who noted—even as he encouraged creative writing at Washington College—that most published writing is non-fiction, and that good student writers of all stripes deserve the chance to test their skills against the standards of publication. This philosophy is supported as well by President Charles Trout—himself an accomplished author. Thus, in this issue of the *Washington College Review*, the reader will find both creative writing and general interest writing on a number of scholarly subjects. Insofar as

those of us (faculty, administrators, and students) who participate in the publication of the *Washington College Review* have a watchword, it is opportunity. Reader: It is your turn. The opportunity is now yours.

Robert Day, Director  
The Literary House Press

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The students whose writing appears in this issue of the *Washington College Review* have been encouraged in their work by a number of Washington College faculty.

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